"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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CURRENT NOTES.

FOR the twenty-second time we wish our readers a "Happy New Year." Another and another year only strengthens our conviction that well performed duty, faithful friendship, and trust in the Living God, are the great sources of human happiness.

WE never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. We have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there.

WE see no special occasion for being very obsequious toward that race of beings, whether male or female, young or old, in high life or low life, whose earthly history is represented by the title of "useless people." They are simply idlers and wasters of time, so far as any practical utility is concerned. Manifestly, they have come to the wrong world, and the sooner they leave it the sooner society will be relieved of a burdensome and expensive nuisance.

WE need men like old Noah who stood up against the world. We need men of backbone, men of spiritual muscle, men made of stern stuff, men who neither fear nor brag, run nor yield; men with whom self and what the world can give or take away are nothing, and God, humanity, and the cause are all—men upon whom the mantle of an apostle, a Latimer, a Luther or a Priestley, has fallen. God send us the men!

WE have just read of a young man in a penitentiary whose parents at their death, left him a fortune of £10,000. There is where his parents made a fatal mistake. If they had taken the precaution to invest that sum in a small dog, and shot him, and then simply left the young man a jack-plane or a wood saw, with printed instructions how to use it, the chances are that, instead of being in the penitentiary, he would to-day have been gradually but surely working his way up to a handsome competency and an honourable old age.

EACH day's work comes to us wrapped in a mystery which no human wisdom can explain or tell what in its completeness it will be when finished. There is, then, something brave and noble in the very act of hopefully accepting it, with whatever it brings of toil and pleasure, of light duties or burdens heavy to be borne, believing that according to the day so shall our strength be.

"OF all the work," says a writer, "that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the very nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can really succeed in any work of life without a good deal of what in plain English is called pluck."

SOME one says, that all the most popular literature among us, is the literature which is full of short words, and he says: "I will mention only the percentage of words of *one syllable*;—The Gilpin ballad has 83 per cent.; Shakespeare (two trials) 81 per cent.; Pilgrim's Progress, 80 per cent.; Sermon on the Mount, 79 per cent.; Robinson Crusoe, 77 per cent.; Dickens, 75 per cent.; Addison, 69 per cent. It is the passion and the folly of some to be always straining after long words. From the above, wisdom may be learned."

A WOMAN writes to young women, beware of the man who talks love to you, and so claims a right to caresses and familiar freedom, yet never asks you to marry him. A lover who never means to be a husband is a mean man. He pretends not to believe in engagements, and does not bind himself in any way, but expects from you all a lover's privileges. You give him everything, and he gives you—what he has often given, and is even now giving to others who believe him as foolishly as you do. You need not be prudish, but be modest, refined, pure and delicate. Make rudeness, coarseness and personal liberties impossible in your presence; make men better by being better yourselves.

HELPING THE POOR.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

"I'm on a begging expedition," said Mr. Jonas, as he came bustling into the counting-room of a fellow-merchant named Prescott, "and as you are a benevolent man, I hope to get aid for a family in extremely indigent circumstances."

"Do you know anything of the family for which you propose this charity?" inquired Mr. Prescott, with a slight coldness of manner.

"I only know that they are in want, and that it is the first duty of humanity to relieve them," said Mr. Jonas, quite warmly.

"I will not question your inference," said Mr. Prescott. "To relieve the wants of our suffering fellow-creatures is an unquestionable duty. But there is another important consideration connected with poverty and its demands upon us."

"What is that, pray?" inquired Mr. Jonas, who felt considerably fretted by so unexpected a damper to his benevolent enthusiasm.

"Of how many does the family consist?" asked Mr. Prescott.

"There is a man, and his wife, and three or four children."

"Is the man sober and industrious!"

"I don't know anything about him. I've had no time to make inquiries. I only know that hunger and cold are in his dwelling, or at least, were in his dwelling yesterday."

"Then you have already furnished relief?"

"Temporary relief."

"For which I honour your kindness of heart, Mr. Jonas. So far you acted right. But I am by no means so well assured of the wisdom and humanity of your present action in the case. The true way to help the poor is to put it in their power to help themselves. The mere bestowal of alms is, in most cases, an injury; either encouraging idleness or vice, or weakening self-respect and virtuous self-dependence. There is innate strength for every one; let us seek to develope this strength in the prostrate, rather than hold them up by temporary application of our powers, to fall again, inevitably, when the sustaining hand is removed. This, depend upon it, is not true benevolence. Every one has ability to serve the common good, and society renders back sustenance for bodily life, as the reward of this service."

"All I know about them at present," replied Mr. Jonas, who was beginning to feel considerably worried, "is, that they are suffering for the common necessaries of life. It is all very well to tell a man to help himself, but, if his arm be paralysed, or he have no key to open the provision shop, he will soon starve under that system of benevolence. Feed and clothe a man first, and then set him to work to help himself. He will have life in his heart and strength in his hands."

"This sounds all very fair, Mr. Jonas; and yet, there is not so much true charity involved there as appears on the surface."

"Good morning, then," said Mr. Jonas, bowing rather coldly.

"Good morning," pleasantly responded Mr. Prescott, as his visitor turned and left.

"All a mean excuse for not giving," said Mr. Jonas, to himself, as he walked rather hurriedly away. "I don't believe much in the benevolence of your men who are so particular about the whys and wherefores."

The next person upon whom Mr. Jonas called, happened to be very much of Mr. Prescott's way of thinking; and the next chanced to know something about the family for whom he was soliciting aid.

"A lazy, vagabond set!" exclaimed the individual, when Mr. Jonas mentioned his errand, "who would rather want than work. They may starve before I give them a shilling."

"Is this true?" asked Mr. Jonas, in surprise.

"Certainly it is. I've had their case stated before."

Mr. Jonas went back in rather a vexed state of mind. All his fine feelings of benevolence were stifled. He was angry with the indigent family, and he was angry with himself for being the "fool to meddle with any business but his own."

"Catch me on such an errand again,"

said he, indignantly. "I'll never seek to do a good turn as long as I live."

Just as he was saying this, his neighbour Prescott came in.

"Where does the poor family live, of whom you were speaking to me?" he inquired.

"Oh, don't ask me about them!" exclaimed Mr. Jonas. "I've found them out. They're a lazy, vagabond set."

"You are certain of that?"

"Morally certain. I think a little wholesome starvation will do them good."

Notwithstanding this rather discouraging testimony, Mr. Prescott made a memorandum of the street and number of the house in which the family lived, remarking as he did so:

"I have just heard where the services of an able-bodied man are wanted. Perhaps Gardiner, as you call him, may be glad to obtain the situation."

"He won't work; that's the character I have received of him," replied Mr. Jonas, whose mind was very much roused against the man. The pendulum of his impulses had swung, from a light touch to the other extreme.

Mr. Prescott urged the matter no farther, for he saw that to do so would be useless. On his way home, he called to see Gardiner. He found, in two small, meagrely furnished rooms, a man, his wife, and three children. Everything about them indicated extreme poverty, and, worse than this, lack of cleanliness and industry. The woman and children had a look of health, but the man was evidently the subject of some wasting disease.

"You look rather poor here," said he, as he took a chair, which the woman dusted with her dirty apron before handing it to him.

"Indeed, sir, and we are miserably off," replied the woman, in a half-whining tone; "John, there, hasn't done a stroke of work now for three months; and——"

"Why not?" interrupted Mr. Prescott.

"My health is very poor," said the man.

"That is bad, certainly," said Mr. Prescott, "very bad." And as he spoke he turned his eyes to the woman's face, and then scanned the children very closely.

"Is that boy of yours doing anything?" he inquired.

"No, sir," replied the mother. "He's too young to be of any account."

"He's thirteen, if my eyes do not deceive me."

"Just a little over thirteen."

"Does he go to school?"

"No, sir. He has no clothes fit to be seen in at school."

"You seem to be in good health," said Mr. Prescott, looking at the woman.

"Yes, sir, thank God! And if it wasn't for that, I don't know what we should all have done. Everything has fallen upon me since John, here, has been ailing."

Mr. Prescott glanced around the room, and then remarked, a little pleasantly:—

"I don't see that you make the best use of your health and strength."

The woman understood him, for the colour came instantly to her face.

"There is no excuse for dirt and disorder," said the visitor, more seriously. "I once called to see a poor widow, in such a state of low health that she had to lie in bed nearly half of every day. She had two small children, and supported herself and them by fine embroidery, at which she worked nearly all her time. I never saw a neater room in my life than hers, and her children, though in very plain and patched clothing, were perfectly clean. How different is all here, and yet, when I entered, you all sat idly amid this disorder, and—shall I speak plainly—filth."

The woman, on whose face the colour had deepened while Mr. Prescott spoke, rose up quickly, and commenced bustling about the room, which, in a few moments, looked far less in disorder. That she felt his rebuke, the visitor regarded as a good sign.

"Now," said he, as the woman resumed her seat, "let me give you the best maxim for the poor in the English language; one, that if lived by, will soon extinguish poverty, or make it a very light thing:—'God helps those

who help themselves.' To be very plain with you, it is clear to my eyes that you do not try to help yourselves; such being the case, you need not expect gratuitous help from God." And Mr. Prescott looked inquiringly at the man.

"If I was only able-bodied," said Gardiner, in a half-reluctant tone and manner.

"But you are not. Still there are many things you may do."

"But we can't get work." The woman fell back upon this strong assertion.

"Don't believe a word of it. Put yourself in the way of useful employment, and you will have no difficulty beyond."

"What kind of work, sir!" inquired the woman.

"We are about moving into a new house, and my wife commences the work of having it cleaned to-morrow morning. She wants another assistant. Will you come?"

The woman asked the number of his residence, and promised to accept the offer of work.

"Very well. So far so good," said Mr. Prescott, cheerfully, as he arose. "You shall be paid at the close of each day's work; and that will give you the pleasure of eating your own bread—a real pleasure, you may depend upon it; for a loaf earned is sweeter than the richest food bestowed by charity, and far better for the health."

"But about the boy, sir?" said Gardiner, whose mind was becoming active with more independent thoughts.

"All in good time," said Mr. Prescott, smiling. "Rome was not built in a day, you know. First let us secure a beginning. If your wife goes to work to-morrow, I shall think her in earnest; as willing to help herself, and therefore, worthy to be helped. All the rest will come in due order. But you may rest assured, that if she does not come to work, it is the end of the matter as far as I am concerned. So good evening to you."

Bright and early came Mrs. Gardiner on the next morning, far tidier in appearance than when Mr. Prescott saw her before. She was a stout, strong woman, and knew how to scrub and clean paint as well as the best. When fairly in the spirit of the work, she worked as with a sense of pleasure. Mrs. Prescott was well satisfied with her performance, and paid her.

On the evening of the third day, Mr. Prescott thought it time to call in upon the Gardiners.

"Well, this is encouraging!" said he, with an expression of real pleasure, as he gazed around the room, which scarcely seemed like the one he had visited a little while before. All was clean, and everything in order; and what was better still, the persons of all, though poorly clad, were clean and tidy. Mrs. Gardiner sat by a table mending a garment; her daughter was putting away the supper dishes; while the man sat teaching a lesson in spelling to their youngest child.

The glow of satisfaction that pervaded the bosom of each member of that family as Mr. Prescott uttered these approving words, was a newer and a higher pleasure than had for a long time been experienced, and caused the flame of self-respect and self-dependence, rekindled, once more, to rise upward in a steady flame.

"I like to see this," continued Mr. Prescott. "It does me good. You have fairly entered the right road. Walk on steadily, courageously, unweariedly. There is worldly comfort and happiness for you at the end. I think I have found a very good place for your son. The work is easy, and the opportunities for improving good. I think there is a chance for you, Mr. Gardiner. I have something in my mind that will just meet your case. Light work, and not over five or six hours' application each day."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the poor man, in whom personal pride and a native love of independence were again awakening, "if you can do this for me, you will be indeed a benefactor."

"It shall be done," said Mr. Prescott, positively. "Did I not say to you, that God helps those who help themselves? It is ever thus. No one, in our happy country, who is willing to work, need be in want; and money earned by honest industry buys the sweetest bread."

It required a little watching, and urging, and admonition, on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, to keep the Gardiners moving on steadily, in the right way. Old habits and inclinations had gained too much power easily to be broken; and but for this watchfulness on their part, idleness and want would again have entered the poor man's dwelling.

The reader will hardly feel surprised when told that, in three or four years from the time Mr. Prescott so wisely met the case of the indigent Gardiners, they were living in a snug little house of their own, nearly paid for out of the united industry of the family, every one of which was now well clad, cheerful, and in active employment. As for Mr. Gardiner, his health has improved, instead of being injured by light employment. Cheerful, self-approving thoughts, and useful labour, have temporarily renovated a sinking constitution.

THE SISTER OF LOVE.

The Christmas windows shine with gifts,
The merry crowds pass to and fro,
Amid them, but apart from all,
A woman's noiseless footsteps go.
Not to the homes where children press
With eager faces to the door,
Where loving lips His story tell
Who walked our earth in days of yore.

The Christmas windows shine afar
Dim is the light that guides her feet,
Here want and poverty and woe
Within these lowly dwellings creep—
A drunkard's curse breathes on the air,
Here children group in rags and shame,
And foul-mouthed women fill the doors,
Women alone in shape and name.

Behind the Christmas lights are clear,
The wreaths are green, the hollies shine,
Unto the festival is brought
A glistening wealth of branch and vine;
But by a lowly bed she bends,
Whose life of patient toil is given
To those who sinful and forlorn,
Need most a hand to lead to Heaven.

The Christmas night is waning fast,
The streets are still, the drunkard's song,
The women's oaths, the children's cries,
Are hushed, the daylight creeps along;
With folded hands the watcher sits,
All human passions laid at rest,
I know not which the calmest lies,
You sleepers or her human breast.

Martha Remick.

WILL YOU ANSWER?

To those who are always using the Bible as an argument for the doctrine of endless misery or the annihilation of the wicked. I wish to ask them a few simple yet important questions.

1. Do you believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator and Supporter of the Universe?

Read Genesis 1st chap., 1st, 7th and 27th vs. John 1st chap., 3rd v.

Isaiah 42nd chap., 5th v.

2. Do you believe that He is Infinite in Love, Wisdom, and Power?

Read Isaiah 46th chap., 9th and 10th vs.

Psalm 147th, 5th v.

Jeremiah 31st chap., 3rd v.

3. Being thus Infinite in Wisdom, could He create, without a clearly defined *purpose* in that creation?

Read Isaiah 43rd chap., 7th v.

Also, 46 chap., 10th v.

Ephesians 1st chap., 9th and 10th vs.

4. Being Infinite in Love, could that purpose be any other than *the good* of the object He creates?

Read Isaiah 45th chap., 21st to 25 vs.

1st Timothy 2nd chap., 4th v.

John 3rd chap., 17th v.

Ephesians 1st chap., 9th and 10th v.

5. Being Infinite in Power, can He *fail* in doing what His love desires, and His wisdom plans?

Read Job 23d chap., 13th v.

Phillippians 2nd chap., 9th and 11th vs.

Ecclesiastes 3rd chap., 14th v.

Daniel 4th chap. 34th and 35th vs.

Isaiah 44th chap., 8th v.

6. When God created *you* did He not know what the final result of *your* creation would be?

7. If He loved you when He made you, and loves always, can the result of God's *work* of *love* in you, be any other than *your* final good?

8. Can you, by any contortion of Scripture or Reason, make *endless* punishment a "final good" for *you*, or any other?

Read Leviticus 26th chap., 44th v.

1st Corinthians 3rd chap., 13th, 14th, and 15th vs.

Hebrews 12th chap., 11th v.

Finally.—Is it not then an assured

result, from Scripture and reason, that God will, through all trials, and out of all sin and all punishment, finally triumph, and bring purity and peace to all, through the Lord Jesus Christ?

Read Isaiah 55th chap., 7th to 10th vs.

Phillippians 2nd chap., 10th and 11th vs.

Luke 19th chap., 10th v.

John 3rd chap., 17th v., 10th chap., 16th v., and 12 chap., 31st v.

1st Corinthians 15th chap., 22nd to 28th vs., inclusive. WM. TAYLOR.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DREAMERS.

EVERY department of life has its dreamers; men and women who do a great deal of thinking and planning, but who are always so busy at this that they never have time to carry out their beautiful projects, or illustrate to the world their very fine theories. There are at least three kinds of dreamers: poetical dreamers, practical dreamers, and lazy dreamers. Among the last two we find the Sunday-school dreamers.

Practical dreamers are those who indulge in a few poetic fancies, but who are always dreaming of work, and the great objects they mean to accomplish to-morrow, next year—some time. They have wonderful plans for future development, and talk grandly of their aspirations and desires. They will, perhaps, occupy front seats in large assemblies, and look very wise on all important questions. But ask them to lend a helping hand, or give them a task to do, and instantly a far-away, dreamy look comes into their eyes, and quiet wonder settles over the whole face. "They are not prepared for work; they feel the responsibility of such a step, and want more time to think; will perhaps pray over it."

Those are the dreamers we find in our Sunday-schools. They have a great deal to say about usefulness, but are never ready to make themselves useful; always know of a great many children who ought to be in the Sunday-school, and wonder why the superintendent does not look after them. They think the classes are growing small, and that something ought to be done to increase the interest. Then they close their eyes and fall to dreaming.

A good sister laments the worn-out condition of the Sunday school library, and thinks it would be so nice to have some new books for the dear children to read. She feels it is a Christian duty on the part of Sunday-schools to provide them with religious readings, and thinks that parents ought to sacrifice both time and money for the spiritual good of their children. She does wish she had time to run round and talk up the matter of libraries—it is such a worthy cause to work for; she is sure her heart is enlisted, but then she has so little leisure.

Let us beware, fellow-teachers, lest we relapse into utter indifference, and become *lazy dreamers*, working not ourselves, nor caring whether others do, but with closed eyes and folded hands drift on in the good old ship, content that others ply the oars, if they but leave us to our rest and dreams. Oh, let us rouse to work, and spend no more of God's own time in idle, restless dreams, for soon the day of life will end, and the shadows of night gather darkly around us, and we shall have no more time.

IMPORTANT ON SIGHT.

STATISTICS kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habit of some persons in facing a window from which the light falls directly in the eyes as well as on the work, injure their eyes in the end. The best way is to work with a side light, or, if the work needs strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have a working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes when the head is slightly bent over and downward during the work.

In the schools in Germany this matter has already been attended to, and the rule adopted to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupils never face the windows, but only have the side lights from the left; and as a light simultaneously thrown from two sides gives an interference of

shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination having also proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

We may add to this the advice not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side; and never to neglect the use of a shade, so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time, when kerosene lamps, with their intensely luminous flames, become more and more common.—*Medical Journal.*

TEACHING THE SERVANTS.

Among the papers read at the Congress on Domestic Economy, was one by Mrs. Watson, and in it she says:—

"It is indeed sad to see how terribly ladies, who have the charge of servants, neglect their duties to them; not only those ladies who devote themselves chiefly to enjoyment, but those who are conscientiously endeavouring to make themselves useful in their generation. They occupy themselves abroad, and forget the vast field for their labours which lies neglected at home. They are busy teaching in schools, or attending public meetings, perhaps in distributing tracts, and in all this work they forget the claims upon their attention of the poor servant girls, who are entirely dependent upon them for that supervision and instruction which is necessary to make them more careful in their walk through life.

"By implanting a feeling of responsibility for the education of their servants in the minds of mistresses, and by a little judicious management on their part, the trivial round and common talk of household duties would no longer be a dull and irksome routine, but would be transformed into bright and holy work. Mistresses would feel that in themselves and their servants they were making their daily labour and their religion one. They would impart to those under them a practical, and not a mere pedantic notion of the dignity of work. They would make them feel that even the humble tasks of sweeping and dusting, have a share, as well as our Bible-readings and church-goings, in disciplining our souls for God's service. And instead of ladies seeking abroad, as many do, for opportunities for doing good, and meeting with disappointment and failure, they might find their work already to their hand—a work at which they might labour with the certainty that their labour would in time, although possibly not in their own time, return a rich harvest."

ONLY SIXTEEN.

A TALE OF ONE NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

"Send her off at once! We have borne with her carelessness long enough, and now to have that valuable vase smashed! I won't put up with it any longer. She shall go to-day!"

The master of the house rings the bell, and sends for the offender. A stunted, awkward girl, really sixteen years of age, but looking more like thirteen, enters the room, and while her mistress reproves and dismisses her, stands nervously moving her hand, gazing at her with a dull apathetic face; not crying, nor pleading for pardon.

Presently her eyes wander round the handsomely-furnished room, with its gilded chandelier and mirrors and pictures, to the further end, where the daughters of the house are sitting. The one at the table just raises her head to see what is going on, then bends again over her drawing; the other, reclining on the sofa, is too much interested in the book she holds to notice the sound of voices.

But the girl's eyes turn to her master's face as he now says, "You had better go this afternoon. Your mistress has told you frequently you would have to go if you gave so much trouble, and I won't put up with it any longer. You can send for your things afterwards."

The girl creeps out of the room and out of the house into the street. But where to go? Her only relative in the town is her father's brother, who took her in when her mother died, and kept her in spite of his wife's constant upbraiding and persuasions. Neglected and uncared for, she remained with them till put out in a little "place," which she soon lost, owing to the slovenly habits she had contracted and her utter want of knowledge how to do anything properly. So she had gone from one place to another, gradually improving, but still retaining so much of the results of her early bad training as to be constantly chidden and reproved. And now she can hardly realise that this situation, which had seemed so grand, and to which she had gone full of admiration of the fine

house and furniture and the well-dressed ladies, her mistresses, is lost, and she is adrift again.

"I did try," she sobs, as the door closes and shuts her out. Where can she go? She dares not return to her uncle's house. She remembers too well her aunt's anger and violence when last she left her place and went back. And now her uncle is out of work, too! She *cannot* face the bitter reproaches and taunts that would surely follow. Her timid, cowed spirit shrinks terrified at the thought. So she wanders up and down the streets, occasionally sitting down on the doorstep to rest a little; then going on again, sometimes stopping to gaze at the shops, where beautiful dresses are displayed or brilliant jewels and gold and silver ornaments are shining.

But the fast-coming on darkness brings still more strongly and forcibly the question, where shall she go? She has passed out of the busy streets, and her feet have carried her almost unconsciously back to the suburbs where she so lately dwelt; save when an occasional policeman saunters by or a carriage drives past, the horse's feet sounding sharply on the frosty ground, the roads are almost deserted. She shivers in the blast of winds as, seeing the gleaming lamps quickly approaching, she waits to cross. Why, who is that inside? Ah! she remembers the young ladies were going to a party to "dance the New Year in." How brightly dressed they were, and how they were laughing as they passed quickly by. Yes! that is why the bells are ringing, because the New Year is coming. A new year! Does it mean a brighter, happier year that the bells ring so joyfully?

She sits down on the doorstep of one of the houses to listen, but starts up as the door opens, and some one comes out and hurries away, while shouts of "A Happy New Year!" pursue him. The door is closed, and the child sinks down again, listens to the bursts of children's laughter, which resound from the lighted-up room, and watches the shadows which flit across the blind.

Presently a chorus of voices unite in "Home, sweet home!" The tones, floating to the orphan outside, bring back to her mind a little room, poorly furnished, and sitting by the fire, a worn, sickly woman, who seems to look up and smile at her. "O, mother, mother!" she cries, with a sudden burst of anguish at the remembrance of the only home—the only love she had ever known. But, ah! there is no answer.

Then suddenly a thought darts into her mind—that lady with grey hair, dressed in black, who used to visit her mother; she would not be afraid to go to *her!* And she starts up, eager with sudden hope, which is soon quenched, for she cannot find the way—she has forgotten—she cannot find it—and oh! she *is* so tired and weary!

She stops before a brilliantly lighted church, and as the door opens and the people come out she shrinks into a dark corner, and watches their faces. How bright, though serious, they look. Ah! if she had but known; surely, there were many among that throng of worshippers, who, full of earnest resolve, would gladly have begun the New Year by helping the desolate. But she hides from them and listens, as they wish one another "A Happy New Year!" and interchange kind, friendly inquiries.

Last of all, the clergyman comes out and joins them. As they part she hears him say, "A Happy New Year to *all!*"

To *all*, she thinks dreamily, as, the people gone, she creeps into the deserted portal, and crouches down, exhausted by fatigue and cold. Is *that* why they looked so glad? The bells have ceased ringing long since—the New Year must have come. Can it be? Will it be bright for all, this New Year?—even for her!—

* * * * *

At dawn, on the morning of the New Year, a slight, small form was found lying quite still, almost out of sight, at the church door. They carried her to a hospital close by, where kind faces looked pitifully on her, and gentle hands strove to bring her back to life. But the orphan's New Year had begun.

And what of the master and mistress, when next Sunday they entered the church with their daughters? Did a pang of self-reproach make them

tremble? Perhaps for a moment, but then they said, "How could we know?"

And yet, a little gentleness and love might have saved her. M. R.

REFLECTIONS ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR.

(By a Unitarian.)

For ever with the years beyond the flood,
The parting year is gone.
Arise then my soul, and dedicate to God
The coming one.
I know not if throughout this year I stay
In this oft-changing world, yet come what may,
In child-like confidence I would repose
On Thee, my God, from whom all goodness flows.

If in my retrospective, thoughtful hours
I ponder o'er
The blessings thou didst give, that once were ours,
Yet ours no more,
I know that 'twas thy hand that led away
Our loved departed friends to brighter day,
And left us wandering in the world below,
Waiting the time when we must also go.

Yet must I mourn the loss of those so dear,
So much revered,
The eye that o'er the dead can shed no tear
Is dry and seared.
Memory in lasting characters records,
My mother's kindly acts, her smile, her words;
My father! with his noble, heaven-born mind,
O where again his equal can I find?

Days, months and years, are now for ever gone,
But are they lost?
Is life and all the joys beneath the sun
A barren waste?
Ah, no! It cannot be. Our Heavenly Friend
Would not such joys bestow, for such an end;
An open book he gives, "line upon line,"
And "precept upon precept," these are mine.

We cannot look with thoughtful eye around
This transient scene,
And say no joy, no good can here be found,
No beauty seen.
For when the new-made world th' Almighty viewed,
He looked on all he formed and called it good,
And here our God has placed us to prepare
For brighter worlds, and angels' joys to share.

Past, present, future, in This Book (now sealed)
Recorded lie,
The time draws near when all will be revealed
To every eye.
When John in vision saw that wondrous day,
When heaven, like parchment, shall be rolled away;
The lamb, victorious over every ill,
Opened the Book, it was the Father's will.

And now may every future year we spend
In this frail state,
Be full of fruit and blossom to the end,
While here we wait.
O what a glorious prospect fills the eye,
When through this earthly scene, beyond the sky,
In faith we gaze on that eternal home,
Where sorrow, sin, or evil cannot come.

AN INDIAN SISTER.

We have from India a narrative of an instance of singular devotion on the part of a sister whose prolonged efforts to obtain the release of a brother condemned to perpetual banishment on a false charge have only just been crowned with success. Dada Jeeva, the injured man, was a native of the Dhundhooka Talooka, whence, for a crime of which he had been falsely accused, he was removed to undergo the penalty of life transportation. The crime laid to his charge, at the instigation of an enemy, was that of dacoitee, for which he was convicted and sentenced as above, during the absence of his sister on a pilgrimage in Benares. The sister, on learning his sad fate, determined upon proving his innocence, and started on her errand in the disguise of a female ascetic. All her resources—and they were not inconsiderable—were henceforth devoted to this one object, in the prosecution of which she visited Dhundhooka, Wudhwan, Dhrole, Ahmedabad, beseeching the intervention of the authorities, and collecting evidence on behalf of her banished brother. Proofs of the unhappy man's innocence began to accumulate, and the result of her inquiries was ultimately placed before the Honourable Mr. Rogers, who, after prolonged investigation, and on the ground of written evidence of various sorts, was convinced of Dada Jeeva's

innocence, and communicated to the happy sister the order of Government commanding his release after a banishment of ten years. The unfortunate exile has but just returned, only to become an inmate of the Colaba Lunatic Asylum, with a mind completely deranged by the shock sustained by him on his being declared innocent and set free by the authorities. Such has been the melancholy end of Baeeba's noble and self-denying efforts to rescue her unfortunate brother from a life of perpetual misery, for whom she spared neither health nor fortune, and encountered untold perils till his release was consummated. Baeeba belongs to a race of hereditary minstrels called *charuns*, and inherits their faculty of impromptu verse to such an extent that she has embodied her feelings of gratitude and esteem for the "kind Mr. Rogers" in rhymes of considerable merit. These she may now be heard singing in Bombay.

THE DESPERATE GANG.

HERE comes old Morris Meanwell; let us speak to him. Though he does not dress himself up in fine clothes, he is as neat and as clean as if he were going to church. If we had half as much knowledge as he has in that white head of his, we should do.

Stand close, now, for he is coming this way.

See, he has stopped to speak to the poor girl in the ragged shawl. No poor lad and no poor girl are too ragged for him to speak to. Yes, I thought how it would end! he is giving her a little picture book: but old Morris Meanwell is not the man to give away a book without giving with it a little good advice.

Now he is really coming, smiling with good humour. Whoever may be dull and down-hearted, old Morris Meanwell is as happy and cheerful as a morning in May. We must not let him pass without a word or two. Now we will speak to him.

"Will you please, sir, to tell us what o'clock it is?"

"Will I? yes, that I will, boys and girls, and anything else that will be of use to you. I see you have been flying a kite, and a fine long ball of string you have, enough to reach above the tallest tree in the park. Well, now for the time of day. It is exactly half-past four. And now, perhaps, you will tell me how it was that you should ask me the time of day instead of looking up at the church clock there?"

"We did not think of the church clock, sir."

"So I expected. We old people know pretty well what is going on in the heads and hearts of young people. You cared little about the time of day, I suspect, and only wanted me to stop and talk with you."

"Well, sir, that is the very truth."

"And what would you like to have me talk about?"

"Anything you please, sir, You are sure to say something worth hearing."

"Have you heard of the desperate gang that infests the neighbourhood round about here? Perhaps I had better tell you of it, and put you on your guard."

"A desperate gang! Oh, please tell us all about it! How many are there in the gang?"

"That I cannot say, there are so many of them; but where one is, you are pretty sure to see some of the others. The whole village is in danger, for they stick at nothing—pocket-picking, house breaking, highway robbery, nor murder."

"What a desperate set they must be!"

"Indeed they are. So long as they keep to the beer-shops and lodging-houses, or hide themselves in garrets and cellars, or skulk under the arches of the bridges, they are bad enough; but when they come out into the city, and corrupt all the young people they can, and win them over to join them, it is high time to look about us. Set your faces against them, boys; have nothing to do with them."

"But how shall we know them? Please to describe some of them."

"The head and leader of them is a sad old rogue, for, had it not been for him, the gang would never have been formed. At one time he is seen with his hands in his trousers pockets and his stockings about his heels. At

another he skulks about, looking on while industrious people are at work, but never thinks of doing anything himself, and often is he known to go to the poor-house to get money as a pauper, saying that he can obtain no work. He is the father of a vagabond family, and is supposed to have been connected with three-fourths of all the felons that ever were tried at the sessions."

"We never heard of such a bad fellow as that."

"The second of the gang is a wretched looking creature, very thin, with a pale face and a hollow eye. He was brought up under the same roof as the leader, and goes with him almost everywhere. Another of them frequents the gin-shop, and is often heard swearing, and seen rolling about the streets in his cups. I could tell you of a dozen; but there is one daring rascal that I must not pass by. He prowls about in the night with picklock keys in his pocket, and a crowbar, and is as ready to break open a house, or to commit a murder, as an honest man is to do a day's work. Oh, they are a terrible set, boys? Again I say, take care of them."

"Do you know any of their names?"

"Yes, indeed I do, and bad names they are. The name of the old rogue, the leader of the gang is—Idleness."

"Oh, we know now what you mean. Please to tell us the names of the others?"

"The name of the pale-face one is Want; and Idleness and Want, as I said before, are never long apart from one another. He that goes to the gin-shop is called Intemperance; and the name of the ruffian with the crowbar is Crime. There is at least a score more of them—Anger, Malice, Hatred, Slander, Revenge, and Violence; but if we could get rid of these four—Idleness, Want, Intemperance, and Crime, the whole gang would soon be broken up altogether."

"Thank you for the account you have given us. We shall remember every word of it. We thought, at first, that you meant a real gang of thieves, but we understand your meaning now."

"Be sure, then, that you follow my advice. Beware of idleness, for want and intemperance are certain to follow it, and then crime will come as a matter of course. But, boys, 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked' (Jer. xvii. 9). May God give you a clean heart and a right spirit, that you may, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, be kept from all evil."

"We knew that you would tell us something worth hearing, and so you have, sir. We will do our best to follow your advice, and shall not soon forget what we have heard of the Desperate Gang."

ORTHODOX PARADOXES.

"The Astonishing Extremes or Unparalleled Opposites in the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ," was the title of a MS. which was composed by the once famed Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, as an exercise for his pupils. It ran as follows:—

I. The eternal Jehovah once an infant of an hour old.

II. The immense God once a child of a span long.

III. The omnipresent God, filling all worlds, yet lying in a manger.

IV. The Creator of all things once a creature.

V. The Lord of all worlds once a servant to a poor man, and washed his feet.

VI. The true God is reputed a deceiver of the people and a liar.

VII. The mighty God once weak as a worm, and unable to bear his cross.

VIII. The only wise God is blindfolded and buffeted as a fool.

IX. He that is God, and none else, is treated as less than nothing.

X. The holy God reckoned a confederate with the devil.

XI. God above all (Rom. ix. 5, in the original) is sunk into the dust of death.

XII. God blessed for ever is made a curse.

XIII. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, is murdered by Jacob's children, the Jews.

XIV. The Lord of hosts is forsaken by every being, upon the Cross, and hath not one out of all his armies to attend and comfort him.

XV. The King of kings sold for

£3 15s., the price of a slave among the Jews.

XVI. The God of the whole earth becomes as poor as a beggar. 2 Cor. viii. 9 (in the original).

XVII. The God of absolute dominion over all worlds is made subject to his own law, both in its commands and its curses.

XVIII. The Supreme Judge of men and angels is arraigned as a criminal at Pilate's bar, and condemned by his own creatures, his own guilty and wretched creatures.

XIX. The Great Giver of eternal life suffers death; the Author of all pardons himself, condemned to death for guilt.

XX. The Author of all resurrections in the vegetable and human world sinks down and dies.

XXI. The best beloved Son of God dreadfully punished by his own Father.

UTOPIA.

MANY of our readers have heard of Utopia, together with Utopian schemes —those which are considered extravagant, if not impracticable—but few, we venture to say, know anything of the work under this designation, yet it is the production of a man of no common abilities and discernment, who on many things was far in advance of his age, and who had filled the highest legal office in the State. Sir Thomas More, the author, was Lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII., and was beheaded by that despotic monarch for conscientious opposition to his will. More was possessed of great learning, with much wit. He was a person also of unbending integrity, united with sincere piety. That he occasionally displayed bigotry with a persecuting spirit was more the fault of his times than his own. He was the fast friend and correspondent of Erasmus, who highly valued More, speaking of him in the most affectionate terms.

Utopia, or, more correctly, Eutopia, means the GOOD PLACE. It is what is termed a philosophical romance, and is an account of an ideal republic in the far away ocean, in which everything is arranged for the public good, where the laws are just and equal, impartially administered by wise and upright magistrates, where there are no extremes of wealth or poverty, and where the people are loyal, submissive, just, generous, and amiable. Such imaginary communities have found favour with good men in all times—with Plato, with Penn, with Harrington and with many others, who, like Rousseau, have laboured to prove that a savage life, or, as they urge, a state of nature, is preferable to one of artificial civilisation. It is a remark worthy of notice that three English Chancellors have amused their leisure hours in thus, under a narrative form, framing model governments—More, in his "Utopia;" Bacon, in his "New Atlantis;" and Erskine, in his "Armata;" the last-named, published some sixty years since, is now sunk into oblivion. Bacon's work, though very characteristic of his mind and pursuits, is now scarcely read, whilst More yet retains his place as a classic, for the "Utopia" is pleasantly written, with snatches of humour, and it displays likewise the author's kindliness of heart. As a mere matter of course we feel persuaded, as we go through the little volume, that no such state of society as therein depicted ever has existed—ever could exist in the world —constituted as it is; yet the book is a wonderful production for the sixteenth century, and for those living at the time it had doubtless a beneficial effect, by softening their minds and manners, and mitigating in some degree the harsh penal code of the age.

It is in the Atlantic Ocean, and between the Tropics, that Utopia is supposed to be placed. It is a large island, crescent in form, but far away from any other land. Utopis, a mighty conqueror, took forcible possession of it, and gave it a name and a constitution. He was thus the Lycurgus of the State, and much of his legislation was truly Spartan. The people, we are told, live much in public, dine and sup at the public tables; the children belong more to the State than to the parents—whilst there is the institution of domestic slavery, the slaves being those condemned for crimes, those taken in battle, and those bought from

merchants. Utopia has fifty-four cities, but no city has more than 6000 inhabitants, and these are distributed into families of not more than sixteen nor less than ten. Where there are more children in a family than the regulated number the superflux must be divided among those who have fewer. Men are not allowed to marry under twenty-two, nor women under eighteen; adultery is punished by slavery. Husbands may correct their wives—how, or to what extent, we are not informed. Death is the penalty of murder; robbers of all kinds are made slaves. The slaves are the hunters and butchers of the community, for to kill animals, though for food, is degrading to a freeman. War is forbidden, save for defence or to protect weak nations. Everything seems to be fair in war, including treachery to enemies, it being lawful to circumvent, the sooner to put an end to war itself. The Utopians are forbidden to make leagues with other nations. Tillage is preferred to pasturage, and in an age, such as More's, where the utmost pomp and costly ceremonial prevailed, the writer, to mark his contempt for these gew-gaws, makes his Utopians despise precious stones and metals, using gold and silver as heavy fetters for their slaves, whilst themselves wore the plainest attire with the commonest ornaments; their clothes being made of skins or of leather, and the work of their own hands. If anyone becomes incurably ill he is exhorted to die, suicide in such a case being not only lawful but honourable.

Printing had been introduced and welcomed to Utopia, the people being thus fond of literature and the classics. The priests have the sole direction of education. Christianity is professed by numbers of the most intelligent; but as there is no State religion the utmost freedom on theological opinion prevails, except that a denial of the existence of God and of immortality is punishable by the law. With regard to the recognised employments of those who are free, they work at them but six hours in the day, but, indeed, with little or no foreign intercourse, with hardly a taste for the refinements of life, and with slaves to do the heavy labour it is difficult to see in what they can for the most part employ their time, unless in making and patching their very primitive and unseemly garments. We certainly need not envy the Utopians, nor will it be worth any one's while to go to the *good land* to learn morality, civil polity, or manners. We have much to contemn, and we have much to deplore, in the present world; but we are "to the manner born," and we know that it is governed by a Being infinitely powerful, wise, and good, who will make all things issue well. "Take me back, O my genius," says Goldsmith in his beautiful allegory, "to a world which has Alla [God] for its contriver." Yes! God contrives better far than can the most gifted sage. For the life that now is—the world, with all its sorrows, its follies, its guilt, is the appointed theatre for us, in which we are to act our parts, be they those of the noble or the peasant. In that our true honour lies. We are men, now wearing the garment spotted with the flesh, we hope, by-and-by, to be clothed upon with the glorious robes of immortality.

FASHION—WHAT SHE DOES.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is, compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight boots, or chokes us with a tight neckerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing.

She makes it vulgar to wait on ourselves, and genteel enough to live idly and uselessly.

She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business.

She compels people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property or that of others; whether agreeable to the Word of God or the dictates of pride.

She makes people sit up when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in

bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing.

She ruins health and produces sickness; destroys life and occasions death.

She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality, and enemy of religion; and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

I WISH FOLKS WOULD ALWAYS SPEAK PLEASANTLY.

By Lelian Gordon.

"I wish folks would always speak pleasantly, Aunt Etta," and Nellie set her teeth together firmly, pushed back her hair, and passed her hand to and fro over her forehead, to repress the tears struggling to gain an outlet.

"Why, my dear?" The gentle voice of Aunt Etta opened the flood-gates.

"'Cause I'm tired!" and Nellie dropped on the sofa, sobbing bitterly. Her aunt knew an attempt to comfort her would be useless, and thought it wiser to ask no questions. When this grief had spent itself she would confide in her.

Poor child! we pitied her when contemplating the many trials to which she must be subject, and the many wounds the finer nature must receive, however kindly protected, and then we lost ourselves in a deep reverie.

"I wish folks would always speak pleasantly?"

Not a very elegant expression, to be sure, but what an amount of truth and real sound common-sense logic this sentence contains. There is not one who has not at some time in their life-experience repeated the same; if not in word, in sentiment and feeling. The cause may have been thoughtless on the part of the speaker, nevertheless the arrow wounded.

Thoughtless words have robbed love of its sweetness, happiness of its joy, and sunshine of its brightness; yet they are busy at their work—never rest. Is there no way by which their authority can be usurped? No army strong enough to subdue them? Are there no means by which we can rid our beautiful world of this invader of our happiness? Won't some scientific brain devote a little of the time hitherto expended in trying to define the aboriginal foundation and formation of humanity to this minor subject? We wish they would. If there is any inducement to be offered for an attempt, let us make the proposition at once, and receive their priceless information.

We are not aware of the many beautiful homes made desolate and dreary by this same agency; the many sad hearts caused thereby.

A few pleasant words might have saved that young man now serving a sentence in State prison; might have redeemed the young woman, with that beautiful face and sparkling eyes, telling us a soul is there; it speaks from the very depths of a woman's heart. She might have filled an honoured and respected position in society, as well as been the outcast she is, asking the hills to fall upon her and hide her from mortal vision, yet fearing to meet the searching eye of our Father, God.

We are too heedless and careless of the power with which we are invested. We know the truth of these words: "Some days must be dark and dreary;" but it is selfish, as well as heartless, to cause our clouds and storms to invade our neighbours' homes in the form of unkind and hasty words. Sunshine is essential to promote vigour, beauty, and culture. Sunshine is essential to health, happiness, and long life; no kind and cheerful words form a direct counterpart.

Like Nellie, we have studies and duties with which we are not *en rapport*, and it is very hard discipline committing to memory and performing the same. We need kindness, "'Cause we are tired!" and, "I wish folks would always speak pleasantly," don't you, reader?

The Saviour that Saves Not.—A writer about the negro race affirms that petty thieving in the ordinary negro mind does not conflict with his good and regular standing in the Church; in fact, small thefts are not considered sins; or, as an old negro woman expressed it when reproved for robbing the turkey-roost and then presenting herself at the communion-table, "Do you suppose I would allow a miserable turkey gobbler to stand between me and my blessed Saviour?"

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY MARY E. DAVIS.

In the castle of Time, whose gray old towers
Rise up by the mystic river,
That, silently flowing, divides from ours
The land of the bright forever—
There, dwelling in state, is the hale old year,
Not idly taking his leisure,
For the holidays all must have their cheer,
And all be brimming with pleasure.

So he coins the moments with patient care
From the mint of joy, refreshing,
That each, when it goes from the portal there,
May carry the world a blessing.
And oft he looks from the castle forth,
Scanning the wide waves over,
Knowing that soon there will come a boat,
Bearing his younger brother;

Who is coming, as heir to the stately throne
Time has so long been rearing,
Keeping it bright for each king to come—
Each new, glad, and cheering.
But the old year pauses not to repine;
True has he been and faithful;
Giving rain and sun, so the growing time
Bro't its harvest, rich and freightful.

And now, as the days glide swiftly along,
He is still a bountiful giver;
And at the last hour he leaves the throne,
And waits by the silent river
Till the boat appears—see, it nears the land,
Bearing the heir expected;
They meet with a cordial grasp of the hand,
Then part, but not dejected.
The old year enters the mystical boat,
While Time, within the castle,
Gives the midnight bell its last fell stroke,
Then lifting the silent paddle,

And sailing out, he is homeward bound
To the land of fadeless treasure,
Where medals for him will soon be found,
For all his patient labour.
The new year enters the castle hall,
Where dance and song attend him,
For fairy legion await his call,
To crown and to befriend him.

But we will give to the monarch gone
A gentle tear of sadness—
A kind farewell, as he hastens on
To the shore of light and gladness.
Oh! myriad thanks he thine, old year,
For all thy reign provided—
For hope, for health, for love, for cheer,
And days of peace, divided
By darker hours, for many a thread
From sorrow's skein is braided
In with the bright, to make life's web,
When finished, rightly shaded.

We weave the web for our spirit's robe
In the world of light unfading,
And there shall we see, in that pure abode,
How needful all the shading.
So thanks be thine, for the old year,
For the riches thou hast brought us,
For the interchange of much good cheer,
And the wisdom thou hast taught us.
With more cordial hopes and purer faith
We'll turn to the new year's greeting,
Praying that God, in our life or death,
Will grant us His sure keeping!

If the new year brings us days of joy,
May we be grateful truly;
If sorrows must come and trials among,
May we exercise patience duly;
And O may we work with a cheerful song,
Walking in sin's path never,
Till the boat shall appear, to bear us on,
Home, home to the glad forever!

TEACH THE DAUGHTERS.

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make good bread.

Teach them to make good shirts.

Teach them not to paint and powder.

Teach them how to wear thick, warm shoes.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them to do marketing for the family.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them to regard the morals—not the money—of beaux.

Give them a good, substantial, common school education.

Teach them every day dry, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlour.

Teach them that a good, round, rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.

Teach them to have nothing to do with dissolute and intemperate young men.

Teach them that the more they live within their incomes, the more they will save.

"All brave men love," says Hawthorne, "for he only is brave who has affections to fight for, whether in the daily battle of life or in physical contests."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE SCAFFOLD PREFERRED.—When the toast was given "to the builder," of a church now in the course of construction: The builder replied, that he was more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking.

DECORATIONS.—A witty Frenchman says that "a French major is a man who has three decorations. The third was given him because he had two, the second because he had one, and the first because he had none."

NOT AT HOME.—"Is your father at home?" inquired a man of the little girl who admitted him. "Is your name Bill?" she asked. "Some people call me so," he replied. "Then he is not at home, for I heard him tell John if any bill came, to say he was not at home."

SUPERSTITION.—A gambler is so superstitious that he avers that he is always lucky when he wears a certain shirt, and so fearful is he of a change of fortune that he will not send the garment to be washed. He says he does not know but the luck might wash out and the shirt lose its power for good.

MADE PLAIN.—A Sunday-school speaker used the word abridgment, but immediately pulled up and remarked that as some of the younger scholars might not know its meaning, he would say that it was a synonym of epitome. The members of the infant class were affected to tears with such explicitness.

AFRAID OF THE COLD.—When Gen. Changarnier was in Africa he was Colonel of a regiment, and was more fearful of a draught of air than the lead of his opponents. His mind appeared to be constantly occupied with draughts of air. On one occasion the balls were flying thick around him. An officer saluted and said, "Colonel, your are exposing yourself." "True," said Changarnier, "we are fighting in a gorge." He turned up his coat collar.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.—A strange scene occurred on the Moselle. Herr Schmidt had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone round the dog's head and threw him into the water. The animal sank; but during his struggles the rope slipped off the stone and he again rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. His master, continued to push him back, and striking at him, lost his footing and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim, but the dog, seizing him by his coat, succeeded in bringing him to land.

A DIFFERENCE.—Contributor—"Why have you not inserted my last article? Was it too long?" Editor—"No, it was *too narrow.*"

RUSSIAN AND TURK.—The Russo-Turkish war revives an old story. A Turkish and Russian officer once fell into a dispute as to the superiority in discipline of their respective soldiers. "I can prove to you on the spot," said the Russian, "how perfectly our men are trained." And he called his orderly. "Ivan." "Sir." "Go to Mehemet's, buy me a pound of tobacco, and come back at once." The soldier saluted, turned on his heel and went out. "Now," said the Russian officer, taking out his watch, "my orderly is walking straight to the next corner, where he must turn—now he is turning—now he is opposite the white mosque—now he is crossing the *maydan*—now he is at Mehemet's—now he is buying the tobacco—now he is coming back—now he is on the block below us—now he is at the door—now—" and the Russian called out. "Ivan." "Sir." "Where's the tobacco?" "Here, sir." The Turkish officer, showing no sign of surprise at the precision of the Russo-tobacco movement, promptly broke out: "Ho! ho! my soldier can do that every day in the week," and he called, "Muhctar!" "Sir," "Go to Ali Effendi's, and see that you bring me a pound of tobacco. My pipe is empty." "Instantly, sir." Following the tactics of the Russian officer, the Turk pulled out his watch and went on. "Now Muhctar is in the street; now he is passing the *palpooch* bazaar; now it is noon and he is saying his prayers; now he is drinking at the stone fountain; now Ali Effendi hails him, and asks about my health; now Muhctar is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming back by another way; now he is in our street; now he is at the door; now —" "Muhctar?" said the officer. "Sir." "Where is the tobacco?" "*I haven't found my shoes yet.*"

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